FOURTH OF JULY!

How It Was Celebrated in Honolulu.

Fun, Festivities, Fireworks, and Fashions.

The President of the Day and His Remarks.

Reading of the Declaration of Independence by Mrs. Hendry.

Oration by Dr. M. L. Ruth, U. S. N.

The Band, the Ball, and Minor Incidents of the Day.

The celebration of the Fourth of July was commenced on Tuesday evening, by the Royal Hawaiian Band playing some American National Airs at the Palace and Hotel; a smaller band paraded the town till early morning, and fire crackers resounded throughout the night. At 5 o'clock yesterday morning the Antiques and Horribles at May's store, and headed by a band, paraded the principal streets of the city, calling en route at the White House, on Nuuanu Avenue, where refreshments were kindly supplied by the proprietor. They numbered about forty, and were dressed in original fantastic costumes, the most noticeable of which were the representations of a gallant military gentleman and his corps of local troops.

At 6 a.m. a salute of 13 guns was fired from the Esplanade battery, under the direction of His Excellency Governor Dominis. By this time everybody was thoroughly abroad, indeed it seemed as if but few could have taken a night's rest. All the business and private houses of every nationality were gaily decorated with bunting, the shipping in harbor, especially the U. S. S. Essex and H. I. J. M. S. Rinjio, being a particularly pretty sight, each vessel being decorated from stem to stern.

At 10 o'clock the Hawaiian Band marched to the corner of Fort and Merchant streets, there awaiting the arrival of a detachment of sailors from the U. S. S. Essex, whom they escorted up Fort to Hotel street, passing the prettily decorated residences of Drs. Macallister and Grossman, and Mrs. Macfarlane, before arriving at

THE HAWAIIAN HOTEL,

Where the exercises of the day were to take place. The hotel was gaily decorated with flags and the American National colors all along the balconies and tops of the corridors. During Tuesday night we regret to say that a number of small flags placed on the fences of Mrs. Macfarlane's house and the Hawaiian Hotel were stolen. Many ladies adopted the colors of the day with pretty effect; cabs and cabmen seemed to vie with each other in the adornment of their vehicles and horses. Some considerable amusement was created by the discovery that most of the badges worn announced this as the 108th Anniversary of Independence, instead of the 107th. A roomy and suitable stand had been erected on the hotel lawn for the ladies and gentlemen taking part in the day's exercises. On the verandah of the hotel we noticed His Majesty the King, His Excellency the Minister of Foreign Affairs, His Excellency the Minister of Finance, His Excellency Governor Dominis, the Captain and officers of the U. S. S. Essex, the members of the Diplomatic Corps, His Honor the Chief Justice, His Honor Associate Justice Austin, Marshal Parke, Captain Thomas Spencer, Hon. G. M. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Thorne, Dr. and Mrs. McGrew, besides a large number of other ladies and gentlemen. There must have been in all, nearly 3,500 persons present, including a large number of the seamen of the U. S. S. Essex and H. I. J. M. S. Rinjio.

The Rev. G. Wallace opened proceedings with a short and impressive prayer.

SPEECH OF THE PRESIDENT.

The President of the Day, His Excellency Rollin M. Daggett, spoke as follows:

Fellow-Countrymen and Friends: It is a pleasant privilege to call to order such an assemblage at such a time, at such a place, and for such a purpose. I see before me the representatives of almost all nationalities. Beside the American is the Englishman, the Frenchman, the German, the Portuguese, the Irishman, as well as the gentle Hawaiian, who comes with his kind *aloha* to the stranger within his gates. All have come to give countenance to the anniversary of the birth of human freedom on earth—to this day of days—and if not with the enthusiasm and devotion of the American, at least with a respect that it is well-nigh akin to them. Nor can I fail to note among this goodly gathering a number who represent that grand army of patriotic and sturdy men, who in a time of national peril bared their bosoms to the assaults of treason that the Republic might live, and this day might be celebrated forever. Among them are whitened locks and maimed limbs: but wherever I see them, either at home or abroad, a halo seems to surround their heads; and if ever I cease to be grateful to them for assisting in the salvation of a country whose worship to me is a religion, may heaven cease to be merciful to me; and if ever the country forgets their services, may heaven forget its blessing, for a nation without gratitude is a nation without heart, and a nation without heart, alike with an individual, is unfit to cumber the earth. (Applause.)

The great Commoner of Massachusetts said in substance, with a rhetoric almost divine, that the morning drum-beat of the British Empire rolled around the earth with the rising sun; so, one day in the year at least, the acclamations of the children of the Great Republic, scattered everywhere throughout the earth, move round with the rising sun in a continuous hosanna; and here upon these Islands, between the east and west, we add our voices to the joyous anthem. (Hear, hear.)

My friends, I have sometimes found cause to complain that the chairman of a meeting has, in opening it, not only trespassed upon my time, but—more serious still—upon my subject. Thus admonished, we will proceed with the exercises of the day—the next in order being the reading of the Declaration of Independence. But first allow me to express the conviction of every American present, that it is the grandest document ever given by man to man. (Cheers.) It was the first national declaration that all men are created equal; that they are entitled to an equal share of the sunshine of heaven and the fruits of the earth; that they are equal before the law as they are equal before God. It has become the hope and inspiration of the struggling people of all the earth, and what was thought a hundred years ago to be the bold utterance of a desperate people warring for their rights, is now the political religion of every enlightened people.

The ancestors of the men who framed that document were those who wrung Magna Charta from King John and under the oaks of old England established the trial by jury; and when the fathers of the revolution took up arms against grievances that had become unendurable, they felt it their duty to justify their action in the eyes of God and man; and the verdict of men and angels was that the accused was guilty as charged in the august indictment. But few of those present have perhaps seen the original declaration—for a long time in the Patent Office, but now in the State Department, I believe. It is yellow with age, and many of the signatures to it are scarcely legible. The name of grand old John Hancock is among the brightest; but even that is growing dim; while those of Stephen Hopkins, whose hand was palsied but whose heart was iron (cheers), and others, can scarcely be read, and all are steadily fading away. In noting this, a feeling of sadness steals into the patriotic heart. But I sometimes think it is better thus, for everything made with human hand must sooner or later pass away, and just as these immortal names fade from the earthly parchment, they grow brighter and brighter among the constellations above, where they are being penned by the hand of the Recording Angel in lines of everlasting light. (Great cheering.)

Mr. Daggett's remarks were received with much applause. The Hawaiian Band having played a few selections.

Mrs. E. R. Hendry, in a clear and impressive voice, read the Declaration of Independence. We congratulate Mrs. Hendry upon her undoubted success, her voice being plainly heard on the verandah, notwithstanding the difficulties under which she labored in having to speak out of doors, and when some little stir was occasionally apparent.

"The Star Spangled Banner" was then sung by Mrs. Simmons, Mrs. Dickson, Miss Fillebrown, Messrs. W. Hall, McCartney, J. L. Ross, and W. Clark, the assemblage joining in the chorus.

Dr. M. L. Ruth of the U. S. S. Essex then delivered the following

ORATION:

Ladies and Gentlemen: A few weeks ago, amid the booming of guns and the mournful strains of requiem bands, the ashes of an American who, from his sad heart, had poured out a strain which is dear to all the world, were borne in funeral procession to the City Hall at New York, there to lie in state. The honors paid to the remains of the author of "Home, Sweet Home," the funeral cortege, the booming guns, the train of mourners, the wreaths of flowers, and the sympathetic tears, were not given entirely to the man, but to the author of the song which appeals more than any other, in any language, to the heart of man; and all the pomp and circumstance of that day told the one story; that wherever we may wander, be it to the lands of ice and snow; or to the region where the sun sheds its direct ray; to the farthest occident, or to where the Oriental lives his hive-like life, our thoughts always turn to the land of our birth. We are not particular in this; even those whose native lands lie prostrate under the heel of despotism, or whose liberties are crippled by laws which are harsh and grinding, look, when they are absent, with longing eyes toward their home. If this be true of them, how much more is it true of us whose land is the greatest over which the blue vault of heaven hangs, and whose country is as free as the ocean which beats upon this island.

Neither time nor distance can erase the love of country from our hearts, and to-day, on this island, this speck in the vast contiguity of waters, we, Americans, meet to show the world that although thousands of miles of sea separate us we are not unmindful of the land which bore, nor neglectful of the anniversary which marks an act which shall be remembered till the Recording Angel shall roll up his scroll, and time shall be no more.

One hundred and seven years ago a knot of fearless men assembled together and pledging their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor, declared the Colonies of England in America, free and independent States. It was an experiment, and it seemed a deadly one, but it was an experiment that necessity had forced. Perhaps if George the Third had taken the advice of that great statesman and admirer of America, Lord Chatham, and if His Majesty of England had not been blinded by the sophistries of the shallow and prejudiced Townshend, who at that time had the royal ear, the overt act which precipitated the colonies into rebellion against the mother country might have been for a time averted. But it was bound to come sooner or later. The free air, the boundless prairies, the vast and silent woods, the majestic streams of the western world had been slowly but surely producing their natural effect. The great forces of nature had been at work upon the sturdy men of the colonies. Their hearts had expanded as their bodies grew, and the time had come when they could no longer brook even the semblance of a chain. When King George wrote to his favorite Minister, "the die is cast, the colonies must either triumph or submit." "If we take the resolute part, they will undoubtedly be very meek," he little knew the temper of the men of whom he spoke. He did not know that constant intercourse with free nature had made them free. They themselves did not know it. Their ideas of liberty were dim, perhaps slumbering, but when the spark of opposition struck the tinder of patriotism, their souls were lighted.

Then the flame burst forth, and George and his Ministers found that a fire had been kindled which was so fierce that no power of theirs could put it out. No, no power of theirs, nor of any other — for that flame was the beacon light of liberty, and it has burned brighter and brighter as the years have rolled on.

It is a fire which has been fed by opposition. A flame that has been nourished by blood. A light which will not be hid, and which has not only illumined our wondrous pathway, but which has shed its gentle and vivifying rays on other countries, which, before our time, had been lying in the midnight gloom of political slavery.

Our forefathers had unconsciously imbibed the elixir of liberty—that subtle essence which cannot be defined, but which is borne of the grandeur of nature, and which, in some strange and marvelous manner, sinks into the heart of him who communes with the master works of the Creator. They were not eager to quarrel: in fact, they did all that men could do to avert a struggle which to many of them seemed parricidal, but, when the hour had come, they roused from their lethargy, like giants refreshed with new wine, and knew neither rest nor sleep until the glorious end had come, and liberty was theirs, not only in name, but in fact.

In times of great prosperity we are apt to forget the price paid for our ransom, and when the kindly years have closed the wounds made by the bloody hand of war, we sometimes fail to remember the anguish and suffering of those who fought to save us. Therefore I should like to refresh your memories by a recital of some of the principal acts of the revolution, and by word portraits of the grand men who bore on their shoulders the brunt of foreign attack and home dissension.

But time will permit only a cursory glance at the eventful panorama. Suffice it to say that from the hour when the Boston boys threw the tea into the harbor until the day when Cornwallis gave up his sword to Washington, the fight went on. It was like the irresistible tide; it ebbed and flowed. Now in the far north, where Arnold (let us give the traitor what meed of praise we can), nearly drove the British from Canada; now in New York where the Continentals, opposed by Howe, were forced on the Delaware, and, finally, after their rout at Brandywine, to their cheerless and ice-bound camp at Valley Forge; now surrounding Burgoyne on the heights of Saratoga, and gathering aid and comfort by the surrender of his forces — an event, which I may say in passing, called forth from the eloquent Chatham his celebrated tribute to America: "You cannot conquer America. If I were an American as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I would never lay down my arms. Never! never!! never!!!" Now fighting against Cornwallis in the south; now weakened by bankruptcy and disheartened by the lack of expected aid from France; now cheered by the defection of Sir Henry Clinton, the arrival of the French fleet with men, and arms, and money, and finally achieving success by cooping up Cornwallis at Yorktown, and forcing him to surrender his whole army to the victorious Washington.

This last stroke was the finishing blow, for the news of that victory reached England at the same time the couriers arrived with the intelligence of the revolt in Ireland. The double blow was too much. Lord North resigned, and as the historian Greene remarks, "in the face of such a rising at home, it became plain to the most dogged of Tories that it was impossible to continue a strife across three thousand miles of sea."

And thus it was that England became reconciled to the fact that the American Colonies "were, and of right ought to be, free and independent States."

Far abler tongues than mine have spoken the praises of the great central figures of the revolution, but one tribute has lately been paid to Washington, and, that too, by an Englishman which is so complete, so touching and so true that I cannot forbear giving it to you. It is by the historian John Richard Greene, a man whose death not only the English nation, but the whole world of literature has lately had reason to deplore. He says in his history of the English people, speaking of Washington: "No nobler figure ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life. Washington was grave and courteous in address; his manners were simple and unpretending; his silence and the serene calmness of his temper spoke of a perfect self-mastery; but there was little in his outer bearing, to reveal the grandeur of soul which lifts his figure with all the simple majesty of an ancient statue out of the smaller passions, the meaner impulses of the world around him."

It was only as the weary fight went on that the Colonists discovered, however, slowly and imperfectly, the greatness of their leader, his clear judgment, his heroic endurance, his silence under difficulties, his calmness in the hour of danger, or defeat; the patience with which he waited, the quickness and hardness with which he struck, the lofty and serene sense of duty that never swerved from its task through resentment or jealousy, that never, through war or peace, felt the touch of a meaner ambition, that knew of no aim except that of guarding the freedom of his fellow-countrymen, and no personal longing except that of returning to his own fireside when their freedom was secured.

It was almost unconsciously that men learned to cling to Washington, with a trust and faith such as few other men have won, and to regard him with a reverence which still hushes us in presence of his memory. But even Americans hardly recognized his true greatness while he lived. It was only when death set his seal on him that the voice of those whom he had served so long, proclaimed him "The man first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." But let us turn from the American Revolution to the America of to-day. We started with everything before us, bankrupt alike in money and friends, with nothing to help us but our own hands, our own brains, and a sublime faith in the rectitude of our intentions toward each other and toward the general world.

Have we fulfilled the hopes of our forefathers, or have we, in our later years, fallen with the decrepitude and languor of old age? Have the caustic prophecies of Macaulay, who predicted that we would fall to pieces broken by our own weight, or the cynical criticisms of Dickens, who, when he visited us, could find nothing good, but everything bad, or the clever sarcasms of Thackeray, who, with all his wonderful genius, seemed always to gloat over the frailties of our national nature, or the bitter, almost malignant slurs of Carlyle been deserved? Let us look around us and see. On July 4th, 1776, we were a handful of people, so poor in numbers as to be counted for nothing in the grand aggregate of the world's population. What are we now? The last census ticks us off at 52,060,000, and by this time we have added 3,000,000 more, making us in round numbers 55,000,000 of people. It is difficult to realize what this means. We can only do it by comparison. It means a population greater than that of any nation on the earth, except China and Russia. Ten millions more than England, the mother country, 10,000,000 more than France, whose generous aid helped us to victory when defeat was impending; 7,000,000 more than Germany, whose hard working people have contributed so much toward our advancement and prosperity; 12,000,000 more than Austria, and as many more than Italy.

The semi-civilized nations only surpass us, and they must look to their laurels for our babies come on by the hundred thousand, and every day of the year, Sundays and all a constant stream of from two to three thousand people from other shores land upon our own. Attracted by the clear bright flame of liberty they come like vast flocks of moths toward the light, but not like moths to have their wings singed and to drop to cruel death in the flame—nor like them to pray upon our goods and homes, but to find shelter and peace, and a home beneath a banner which is powerful enough and willing enough to protect them against any who may assail. The mind is staggered by the contemplation of such increase. When will it end ask the pessimists? Will not the whole country in a few years be so packed with human beings that men will be compelled to fight for room and breathing place? No, far from it. The capacity of our noble land is so great that the whole population of the world might almost settle in it and find ample room. It is so grand that every soul in the United States at the present time could live comfortably and have a garden in any one of the great Western States. Texas alone can give everyone two acres of ground, and still have enough left over to accommodate a million or two more. No, there is no fear of our being over-crowded; there is ample room for ourselves, our children and our children's children, and there is plenty, not only for ourselves and our descendants, but for the millions who care to tempt the seas for the sake of the freedom we offer them; and when the time does come when we feel a trifle hampered for space, when we want more room, our friendly neighbors on the north and south will be only too glad to receive and welcome our overflow.

Are we a poor nation? Well, poverty has not his skeleton hand on us as yet. "Sharp penury has not yet worn us to the bones." Our raiment is not entirely ragged. We still have bread, and now and then a bit of meat. We plod along with a daily income of about $1,000,000; we pay our debts too fast to suit our creditors. Our paper is worth more than its face, our national vaults are so full of coin that the treasurer is at his wit's end to know where to store that which is pouring in. We owe less than $34 apiece, and we could pay that to-morrow if we wished, and if our creditors could be induced to take the money. No, we are not poor; it would be better for us, I sometimes think if we were not so rich. The knowledge of possessing so much material wealth is, I fear, sapping our national strength and making us less jealous of our national honor.

There was a time when we would not stand an insinuation, much less an insult, but now we are so rich that we are hard to arouse. Anger slumbers deep, and resentment has been drugged by gold, at least so it seems, but, after all, the lethargy is but seeming. A sharp shock would stir us into our old-time activity. A threat would cause us to shake ourselves beneath our mountain of gold, and perhaps ruin the aggressor by the weight of the metal. There may, too, be another reason for our amiability. We are a giant, and therefore good-natured. We rather laugh at the growlings of puny powers, and smile at the threatenings of those whom we could wipe out of existence at a single blow. The other day, when a South American power was showing her teeth and talking war, we didn't even answer back, because we knew that if worst came to worst, if the infatuated nation dared raise its hand, we could take each one of its people and throw them into the sea, and yet not miss the men we sent to do it, nor know that they had left our borders. No, my friends, the vaunts of jealous powers that the Yankees will not fight have been too often answered by bloody death to be regarded by us now. "Are the Yankees cowards?" yelled the men of Massachusetts, as the red British line went reeling and broken down the slopes of Bunker Hill. That question was answered then, and since that time on the sanguined fields of Mexico, and by a thousand contests in that fratricidal war which steeped our whole nation in its own best blood, the answer has been again and again repeated —No, the Yankees were not cowards at Bunker Hill, nor ever after. During the war of the revolution they fought with a stubborn endurance, and with a bull dog courage that never weakened nor failed, and when the war of 1812 gave them a chance they showed upon the seas what courage meant. Think of Porter in the Essex at Valparaiso—his topmasts gone, his ship disabled and on a lee shore, disaster staring him in the face, two English vessels of superior metal hovering around him, everything inducing him to haul down his flag—Yet at his anchors he fought them until his officers and crew lay dead around him, and his decks were so deep in blood that the ruby stream ran from the scuppers. Think of Decatur advancing into the stronghold of the barbarous Dey. Think of the dying Lawrence who cried with his last breath "don't give up the ship." Think of Perry leaving his shattered vessel to pass under a hail of grape to dictate terms from the deck of another. No, I need not turn back the pages of history to show the bravery of Americans. Who denies it? Who is there to come forward and say that when danger stares us in the face, or when our honor is assailed we are not ready. I think there is no one; no not one in the whole world. We are at peace with all the world it is true; and sometimes the quiet man is thought to be one who may be abused with impunity, but beware the righteous anger of a giant. That verse which is the motto of one of the great political parties in England expresses our condition exactly.

"We don't want to fight
But, by jingo, if we do,
We've got the men, we've got the guns,
And we've got the money too."

But this sounds like pure and unadulterated brag, and we did not meet here to-day to indulge in that disagreeable exercise; we are accused, perhaps rightfully, of being a nation of boasters, but it is to be remarked that we generally carry out what we undertake, and that we undertake enterprises now and then which appall people not accustomed to the spring, the snap and the energy of the Americans. And after all, is it a crime to be proud of our great successes. Is it a sin to be elated over the achievements of our fellow-citizens? Are we doing wrong when we look with pleasure on such a work as the Pacific Railway, and when one of us builds toward heaven two monuments almost rivalling the pyramid of Chepos, and swings from their summits a bridge, the like of which the ingenuity of man has never before produced. Are we to be chided because we burn a few fireworks, and because a million of us stand in open-mouthed admiration? If we have not a right to brag a little over Roebling, the man who for ten long years has directed this gigantic task from the shades of his sick room, if the President did wrong in going to that sick chamber to shake the hand of that martyr to the caisson fever, if our natural exultation over our men of genius is all wrong then I fear the most of us are sinners beyond redemption, and criminals of the deepest dye.

The natural enthusiasm of the American people cannot and should not be restrained; children should be taught the glorious story of our country, the grand acts of our soldiers and our sailors; the wondrous achievements of our inventors, our engineers, our artisans; the patient labor of our scientific men, our chemists, our electricians; our philosophers should not be slurred over nor hidden from the rising generation. The achievements of Americans in every branch of industry, science and art are as great as those of the men of any nation from before the dawn of civilization down to the present time. If the child show a preference for literature let him study the life of Prescott, of Bancroft, of Bryant, of Cooper, of Hawthorne, of Longfellow, or of any of the thousand authors who have preserved the records of the past, or have drawn from the mines of imagination the jewels of romance. If his fingers itch for the pencil, the brush, the etcher's tool or the sculptor's chisel, let him learn of West, of Stuart, of Ball, of Jackson, of Powers, of Moran, of Abbey and of the vast army who have transferred nature to canvas, or who have resurrected from the shapeless block the glorious statute buried there. And so on, through all the departments of life. The last hundred years of our national life has produced men in every walk whose histories are simply grand. We need not go to Sparta for examples of personal courage—Herndon going down in the ship after he had saved hundreds of lives: Custer, that brave and gallant man, falling with his face to the savage foe—an example of such splendid prowess that the hell-hounds who destroyed him honored his remains. Garfield, Garfield, who, although racked by pain, and wasted until it seemed that tortured nature must cry out, yet bearing his sufferings without a murmur, and wafting out his soul to the eternity beyond, without ever an imprecation on the cowardly assassin who had hurled him from the pinnacle of human greatness to the gates of dearth; then De Long, Ambler, Chipp, Collins, and the men of the Jeannette who starved to death in the Lena Delta! Did they have courage or did they not? Does any one here know what starvation means? Does he know the delirium of dreaming of banquets and waking to frigid dearth? If such there be he will know the feelings of those poor men who day by day dragged their frozen limbs over the snowy wastes, and who finally beneath the pitiless ice and sleet found rest from the gnawing tooth of hunger, and in the cold embrace of death found the warmth they had been craving. Yet, in De Long's journal, exhumed from the snow that covered the body of its writer there is not one word of repining; it is always "Push forward, hope on, by the help of God we will reach aid and shelter." No, we need go to no other land for examples of personal bravery; nor need we go to any other for models in anything. Have we not Grant and Sherman, Sheridan and Mackenzie for soldiers, has any nation any better? Have we not a Farragut, a Porter, a Rowan, a Decatur, a Laurence, a Perry for sailors? Does the history of the sea tell of any finer? I do not think so, and when you look down to the vista oftener you will see all the past marked by the stalwart figures of men who have made history, and who have made their land famous among nations. But, my friends, the theme of our national glory is one on which any of us could talk for hours. I will not task your time or your patience longer but will only ask you on this our birthday to remember that the land which we own as Mother, the country within whose borders all are free as the air they breathe, is still marching on from "conquering to conquer"—not by gaining treasure or territory by slaughter, not by driving from the seas the helpless navies of weaker nations, nor by the power of brutal force, but by its steady growth, its strict justice, by its impartial administration of law, by the care of its children, and by its lofty regard for the rights, not only of its born citizens, but for those from other lands whom necessity or preference has thrown upon its shores. Do not I beg of you be led away by the foul slanders which, from time to time, appear in our journals, nor be impressed by the slurs which now and then, are emitted by those who happen to be for the moment in opposition to the reigning political party. There is much talk of bribery and corruption, but my friends twelve million of freemen cannot be bought. The mines of the earth do not hold sufficient gold. That we have our faults I do not pretend to deny. Even the diamond is not perfect, and on the glowing sun there are spots, but, thank God, the heart of the great Republic is sound, and its blood is as pure as the torrent that falls from the mountain top. The flaws our enemies see are but specks upon the most perfect national chrysolite that ever the stars have shone upon since the great Creator said "Let there be light." Let us then be proud of our country. Let us remember our allegiance to our native land. Wherever duty or pleasure or business may call us, whether it be to luxuriate amid the delightful surroundings of this garden spot, and to enjoy the freedom of this ideal Kingdom, or to endure the hardships of less fruitful regions, let us not forget that we are Americans. Let not time nor distance, nor any other force, steal from us our birth-right, nor still in us the love for freedom which is our legacy. And when two or three Americans are gathered together let them remember the motto of their land, "E Pluribus Unum"—"One out of many." The faggot cannot be broken. In union there is strength. And, as the years roll by, and this anniversary comes again and again, wherever you may be do not forget it, but, meeting together as you have to-day, pledge yourselves anew to that country which is the "home of the free and the land of the brave." God bless our native land, and may its flag wave on through the ages.

"Flag of the free, hearts hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet,
Where breathes the foe but falls before us
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us!"

Dr. Ruth's oration was concluded amidst loud cheering which continued for several minutes, it was also frequently and heartily applauded in the course of delivery.

A few more songs and selections by the band were given, when the President announced that refreshments were ready. The hint was taken, and gallons of ice cream disappeared in a miraculously short space of time.

At noon a second salute of thirty-three guns was fired, and the people began to wend their way homewards from the hotel.

Quite a number of picnic parties were formed and passed enjoyable times at Waikiki and Kaliki valley.

The visitors at the Hawaiian Hotel were each presented by Mr. Greeley, the manager, with a handsome menu card at dinner time, most tastefully arrayed, both as to its outward appearance and to suit the inward requirements of the hungry.

At sunset another salute of 13 guns was fired, and in

THE EVENING,

Shortly after dusk, the city was apparently besieged by some foreign force, the noise of fireworks of all kinds being heard at times, almost deafening. Sky-rockets, Roman candles, Catherine wheels, blue lights, etc., were let off on all sides, some of these from the ships in the harbor being especially good. Many private residences were illuminated with lanterns, and the streets were thronged with people, especially at the Music Hall, where, soon after 8 o'clock, the guests began to arrive in large numbers for

THE BALL.

The ball-room was very prettily decorated by Messrs. Morrill and Unger with flags of all nations, in the center being the stars and stripes of America. Plants were placed in all the available nooks and corners, the bare posts being concealed by creepers of all kinds. The floor was in good condition for dancing. Attiring rooms for the ladies and gentlemen contained every possible requisite from pins upwards. On their arrival the guests were met by the Ball Committee, Messrs. J. R. Morrill, Chairman; R. W. Laine, Wm. Unger, J. Simonson, Jr., R. S. Smith, and J. E. Wiseman, by whom they were presented to the lady hostess, Mrs. J. S. McGrew, and to the President of the Day, who officiated as host. Among those present we noticed His Majesty the King accompanied by His Chamberlain, H. R. H. Princess Likelike, H. R. H. Princess Liliuokalani, His Excellency W. M. Gibson, the captain and officers of the U. S. S. Essex and H. I. J. M. S. Rinjio, the members of the Diplomatic Corps, His Excellency Gov. Dominis, Mr. and Mrs Thorne, Dr. and Mrs. Rogers, Hon. A. S. Cleghorn, Marshal Parke, Mrs. and the Misses Parke, Mr. and Mrs. Hendry, Mr. and Mrs. Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Laine, Professor and Mrs. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. J. Monsarrat, Miss Coney, Mr. and Mrs. M. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs Austin Browne, Mrs. and the Misses Feyre, Dr. and Mrs. Fitch, Rev. and Mrs. Mackintosh, Dr. Macallister, Dr. Grossman and many others numbering in all about 500 persons.

Among the dresses, we briefly noticed that Mrs. J. S. McGrew wore a handsome dress of ecru silk trimmed with lace and wreaths of flowers, cut square in front and with short sleeves the train caught up with ecru tulle, diamond cross and ornaments.

H. R. H. Princess Likelike wore a rich black silk trimmed with lace.

Madame Feyre a white satin dress, with low-neck and train, short sleeves, crimson sash and fan.

H. R. H. Princess Liliuokalani a black silk trimmed with rich lace.

Mrs. Hendry a dark salmon tinted skirt and bodice with a sort of Dolly Varden costume overskirt, high in the neck, with shell ornaments.

Mrs. Kapena a pink satin cut high, with flowers and pearl beads.

Mrs. Monsarrat a handsome dress of ecru silk.

Mrs. Laine ecru brocaded silk.

Miss Coney a blue dress trimmed with red, white and blue ribbon, and a Dolly Varden overskirt.

Mrs. Husband a very handsome maroon velvet dress, trimmed with white Spanish lace cut high, and white fichu.

Mrs. Rodanet wore a black velvet skirt with handsome ecur overdress, trimmed with white Spanish lace and crimson roses.

Miss Richardson wore white muslin trimmed with white lace, a pink sash and underdress.

Mrs. Wodehouse, black silk dress with low-neck and short sleeves.

Miss Minnie Widemann, a black silk with red flowers and white fichu.

Miss Sophie Sheldon wore a handsome black silk with low-neck and short sleeves, red flowers and ribbons.

Mrs. Scott, a rich black velvet, trimmed with white embroidered silk, low-neck, short sleeves.

Mrs. Tripp, a striped red and gold satin, trimmed with white lace, a deep red sash and skirt.

There were many others equally brilliant and handsome, which the limited space at our disposal will not allow us to mention.

Dr. Ruth had the honor of dancing in the first set of quadrilles with Mrs. McGrew.

Mr. Unger officiated as floor manager, and everybody enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

A very good supper was prepared, and done ample justice to in the green room, consisting of salads of all kinds, poultry, sandwiches, ices, coffee, and a great variety of tempting delicacies too numerous to mention. The table was prettily arranged with flowers, and literally groaned under the weight of the good things thereon contained. Teetotalers were not offended by the sight of intoxicating liquors, nothing being provided stronger than claret punch.

To Mr. Greeley the manager of the hotel, is due the greatest credit for providing such good and tempting viands.

The music was supplied by the Hawaiian Band, and to Mr Berger and his boys is due the greatest possible praise for the large share they contributed to the day's enjoyment. Dancing was kept up until an early hour this morning.

Everybody throughout the day appeared happy and contented, and, in no instance, was there any sign of dissatisfaction or disorderly conduct. Where so many, by their united efforts, combined to make yesterday's holiday so enjoyable it would be invidious to particularize, yet we think we cannot do less than, in the name of the public, thank Messrs. Morrill and Laine, Unger, Simonson, R. S. Smith, J. E. Wiseman, Nott, Carter, Scott, Dodd, Williams, Whitney, and Dr. McGrew for their untiring and ceaseless attention to the numerous duties devolving upon them.

Wickedness in a Governor.

The Massachusetts clergymen who undertook on Fast Day to preach and pray over Gen. Benjamin Franklin Butler neglected their duty. While they were nearly unanimous in the opinion that he is a wicked Governor, who ought to be made to understand his wickedness and repent, most of them failed altogether to describe with sufficient clearness the nature and extent of his wickedness. None of them are explicit enough to do him the slightest moral good.

The case would be simple enough if there was no difference between being wicked as a Governor and wicked as a man. But the Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clark, the author of an account of the Ten Great Religions, and for years a student and admirer of the character of George Frisbie Hoar, was careful to explain that a wicked Governor was not necessarily a wicked man.

The nearest approach to a definition of the elements of wickedness in a Governor, as distinguished from private and personal wickedness, was offered from the pulpit of the Rev. Dr. Cyrus Bartol, whose wits were sharpened years ago in the dialectics of Mrs Sargent's Radical Club. The Rev. Dr. Bartol explains that the wicked Governor "is as ready to censure the Republicans as the Democrats for failure or corruption. He stirs us up," adds Dr. Bartol, plaintively, "with a long pole, as in a menagerie."

Now, if we understand the situation in Massachusetts, that is about the extent of Gen. Butler's wickedness. The conventional Governor is not as ready to censure Republicans as Democrats for failure or corruption; and he is very careful how he introduces the long pole among the animals. A wicked Governor, in Dr. Bartol's sense of the word, is what the Commonwealth has long needed.—Exchange.

A Prehensile Tree

Darwin tells of flowers which seize upon flies and small pieces of raw meat which having secured with a gauze-like net-work they proceed to eat. Lieutenant Houghton, who recently visited New Guinea and the islands in the Pacific, tells of a tree which has the power of picking up articles from the ground. It is a species of Ficus, closely allied to the banyan; and, like it, throws out from its branches long flexible tendrils, which twine themselves round any article within their reach. By-and-by the branches contract, but still firmly grip the object round which they have twined themselves, and suspend them in mid air. —A. B., in *Land and Water*.